

## Cold Night

by Skylark Evanson

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Summary: What would it take to keep him awake? Didn't he know the dangers? Couldn't he see the risk? Sleeping was unnecessary with such costs at stake. Soon, children everywhere would be unable to sleep. Forever. "Hic, please stay awake. Please." \*Mentions of RotBTD

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**\*\*A/N:** My first attempt at RotBTD, moreso HiJack with opening mentions of the other two. Hope you enjoy it, and I'd really like some feedback so I can try to write more!\*\*

**\*\*Disclaimer:** I do not own any of the movies nor characters mentioned in this FanFiction.\*\*

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><p><span><em>Cold Night<em>

Settling in to sleep for the night was comparable to training these three new recruits in one day: impossible.

Already, the losses suffered in the battle against Pitch had been great. Merida had lost her steed while mounted atop him, trying to shoot into the incoming waves of dark mustangs only for their muscular forms to bash into Angus, beating him up slowly and quickly scaring him into a fierce run. The horse had died shortly thereafter, and Merida was lucky enough to have fallen off before the black Clydesdale bolted over the edge of a building.

The night was darker in mood than it was in physicality as the moon, their savior and tormentor, shone brightly above their heads, watching over the small troop of Guardians as they headed to the darkest, coldest parts of the earth in search of Pitch's new lair, where he'd come to manufacture his NightMares.

On one side of the clearing they'd found to hide in for the night laid Merida under a blanket of Rapunzel's hair as the two girls laid together, wrapped up in each other's arms, desperate for comfort and warmth as the bleak night wore on. Both were uneasily trying to drift to sleep, their fear of NightMares attacking keeping sweet slumber at bay.

Jack and Hiccup, leaning against one of Toothless's massive leathery wings, sat on the other side of the clearing, the mortal Viking boy about ready to drift away from the land of the conscious until Jack shook him awake quickly with an ice-laced hand. "Come on, stay up," urged the forever boy, eyes severe and concerned; his gaze occasionally darted over to the two young women, the princesses, to make sure they were safe from harm. Truly, he feared for Hiccup's safety the most.

"I need to sleep, Jack," breathed the Viking as he shivered against the chill of the night. His shoulders shook, prompting Toothless to curl his tail around them both like a heavy buckskin blanket. "I won't be able to travel tomorrow if I don't rest tonight. None of us will."

Having no memories of sleeping or of the peace it once brought him, Jack couldn't grasp the necessity. He knew children didn't like to play in the snow as much if they didn't sleep well. He knew that children had to sleep for North to leave gifts or for Bunnymund to hide eggs. But sleep felt surreal, like it was just there to delay him from playing with the children, and now it was keeping all of them from traveling through the night. "Why?" Frustration became evident in his voice; he wasn't used to spending time with mortals who got tired and hungry and had regular aches and pains. "You can just stay up all night with me, we'll talk, we'll--"

"Hush," he said softly, folding his arms across his chest to pull his fur vest tighter around his spindly body. "You'll wake the girls."

Jack's teeth almost clenched. What would it take to keep him awake? Didn't he know the dangers? Couldn't he see the risk? Sleeping was unnecessary with such costs at stake. Soon, children everywhere would be unable to sleep. Forever. North wouldn't be able to bring gifts, Bunnymund couldn't hide eggs, Sandman couldn't bring dreams, Tooth wouldn't be able to take the baby teeth, and Jack himself would be unable to grant the surprise of a snow day. "Hic, please stay awake. Please." Desperation leaked into his words as he practically begged the Viking to battle slumber for a bit longer. "It's dangerous for you to sleep."

"I know he'll come for me. He'll come for all of us." Hiccup bit his lip to keep back a gaping yawn. His eyes were already heavy as stone with the pull of sleep. "But I'm not afraid," he said tiredly and with a smile. "I know you'll be awake to protect us." And his hand moved slowly to find Jack's, and he held it tightly for a long moment. "I know you won't let him hurt us. You're brave and you're strong. There's nothing to be afraid of."

Hiccup knew his lack of faith in Pitch would weaken him. Merida could fight back as well in her dreams, she wasn't afraid of anything, ever. She was just weak right now from pain and loss. Rapunzel was

strong enough to fight back just from her sheer anger, and that frying pan didn't do her force justice. Hiccup felt like he had nothing to worry about; Pitch was attacking three non-believers who had Jack Frost to defend them while they slept, as well as Toothless, should he arise to defend.

Jack felt Hic's hand close around his and he smiled broadly, grinning like a kid who'd just been given the gift of a White Christmas. "I'll protect you, Hiccup," he vowed quietly, watching his friend's eyes close as he began to succumb to slumber. "Always."

"I know you will," murmured the Viking boy, his hand giving Jack's a squeeze before he decided to be quiet and finally get some rest. He'd see Jack when he woke up. There was nothing to be afraid of.

Jack watched as Hiccup drifted off and kept holding his hand. The forever boy stayed there and watched him sleep for a bit, his lips still curled up into a satisfied smile. After a few minutes, he leaned in and placed a cold kiss on Hiccup's cheek, his lips leaving bits of frost on the dragon rider's skin that would probably remain 'til morning.

Then Jack pulled away and stood up, grasping his staff and preparing for battle. He took a deep breath of the night's invigoratingly crisp air, full of pine and dirt scents. And he waited, watched, and listened. Movements in the shadows got blasted with ice, any sudden chill was investigated. He kept vigil over his friends, watching to see if any of them would twitch with so much as a whimper. Because nothing could touch his friends and get away with it. Nothing.

\* \* \*

><p><strong>AN: Sleepy!Hiccup is sleepy, which would be why he may come off as OOC. Jack, I think, is alright. Give me some feedback, I'd love to hear if I should try to write more for this crossover. Thanks for reading!\*\*

\*\*~Sky\*\*

\*\*P.S. Yes I know the title sucks.\*\*

End  
file.